

# Good Morning <sup>233</sup>

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## GOOD BOXERS YES, EVERYONE;

## BUT MANAGERS—OH HECK!

**W. H. MILLIER  
GIVES YOU THE  
TRUTH  
ON BOXING**

I KNOW of no other sport, except perhaps horse-racing, which attracts so many absorbingly interesting personalities as the ring. It attracts so many varied types, though type is not quite the correct word, as they are nearly all so intensely individual in their various ways. It is generally supposed that crooks predominate, but that is far from being true.

For my part, I must confess that it is mainly this aspect that has caused me to devote so much of my time to boxing, boxers, and all the assortment one can meet only in this circle. It applies to America as well as Britain.

In England, up to a few years ago, boxers were generally backed and managed by bookmakers. It is usually agreed that bookmakers as a class are what is commonly known as "characters." They are out of the rut. In the United States quite a large number of first-class boxers are "adopted" by gangsters.

It may sound somewhat astonishing to many people to be told that the gangsters are among the most successful of

boxers' managers. They are. The reason is to be found in the fact that to have an interest in a number of leading boxers is the gangster's hobby. I suppose we may assume that a crook is straight when it concerns his own particular amusement.

### BUSINESS FIRST.

Be that as it may, there is every reason to believe that the boxer is just as well served by these underworld business men as by many who outwardly observe all the rules and secretly rob the fighter they are supposed to protect.

The kings of the underworld run their stables of fighters on much the same sporting basis as the kings of industry run their strings of racehorses.

In those States which happen to be at all particular as to whom boxing managers' licences are granted, the gangster appoints what is known as a straw man to hold the licence, but that is just about all that he does hold.

There is another type of so-called manager, who merely uses this calling to cover up the shady side of his real business in life, and this used to apply on this side of the At-

lantic in a more marked degree than in America, where apparently there is not quite the same necessity for secrecy.

I used to know a very charming gentleman who, if you happened to be fortunate enough to possess a healthy bank balance, as well as an interest in sport, would be sure to give you a very pressing invitation to his place in the country for a bit of pheasant shooting in season and various other delights.

He was a perfect host and a boon companion, and you would enjoy your stay immensely until you next saw your bank pass-book and ruefully noted the rather large sum you lost at cards.

This skilful manipulator of the pasteboards—we shall call him gentleman no longer, now that we know him for what he is—used to ply his trade on the big Atlantic liners, and a brisk trade it must have been. After a very long innings he was refused permission to land in the United States unless he could prove that he came there on legitimate business.

### BUSINESS SECOND.

That was too easy. What could be simpler than to take an English boxer over to America on each trip? Of course, directly he arrived the boxer had to be handed over to an American manager, and if that manager chanced to be the straw man of a big gangster, the boy would be taken care of right enough. In mentioning bookmakers

and gangsters at the outset of this little homily I did not intentionally mean to couple them. With one or two glaring exceptions, I may say that of the bookmakers I have known who interested themselves in the management of boxers, all proved to be real benefactors to the fighters they handled.

One of our best champions owed his success very largely to his bookmaker manager, who not only refused to take one penny of his purse-money, but always put up the side-stakes and presented the money to the boxer.

When this particular bookmaker died the champion lost the best friend he ever had. He ought to be really comfortably off to-day, but he is penniless. His wife went off the rails and squandered his ring earnings in much quicker time than it took to accumulate them.

Then again, there is a vociferous member of the Silver Ring, happily still shouting the odds when racing is afoot, who was a manager, but more of a father, to one of the best bantam-weight champions this country ever produced. In this instance there is no need to withhold their names. Mr. Alf Mack, well-known course bookmaker, on going to his stables one day, found a very small urchin asleep in the straw.

### A "HANDY" LAD.

"Here's a turn-up for the book," quoth he. The guardian angel of waifs and strays must have directed this youngster to the right stable. If you know Alf Mack you will hardly need to be told that on finding that this urchin was hungry and homeless he filled his wants in both directions. In short, he adopted him then and there.

In due course this youngster revealed his talents. They lay in his hands. He could do anything with a horse and he could use his two fists with a skill that had to be seen to be fully realised. Under Alf Mack's guidance he soon became a famous ring performer known as Digger Stanley.

As light on his feet as a bal-

let dancer, he used to box at bewildering speed, and there was not a trick in boxing that he did not know. He was a glove-artist, with a skill that made his compeers mere slap-dabbers by comparison. He became British and world's bantam-weight champion, and won the first Lonsdale bantam-weight belt outright.

His brains were in his hands. He could not write and he could not read; he could not even tell the time. When his ring earnings ran to luxuries Digger had to be in the fashion and sport an enormous gold watch-chain.

His pals would ask every five minutes or so, "What's the time, Digger?" And he would solemnly dangle his watch in front of them and expose the dial to their gaze.

Digger's one passion in life was trotting-ponies. In his hey-day trotting was the sport that mattered above all else. In vain did his manager point out that the trotting sharks would strip him naked. The Digger knew what he could do with ponies and he would show the lads.

Whenever he won a contest that carried a tidy purse he would buy a smashing trotter and race him. Oh, yes, the Digger was a fine trotting jockey. He could get the last ounce out of a pony, but he could not cope with the bright boys who carved up that particular sport between them. They had Digger's shirt right enough.

### ON GENERAL LINES.

His manager thought up an idea to put Digger into a fair way of providing for himself when the time came to hang up his boxing-gloves. He would instal him in business. It would have to be something simple as well as fairly safe. A nice little general shop would be the very thing. Poor old Alf Mack! He could hardly visualise the headache he was about to give himself with this great idea!

Scarcely had the paint become dry on the sign, "Stanley — Provision Merchant," than an offer came from the

United States, suggesting a series of highly remunerative bouts, with a world's championship contest thrown in. As a man of business, Alf Mack saw that here was an offer that could not very well be turned down. He cabled an acceptance and made all plans for the journey.

It was no easy matter to persuade Digger to leave his newfound interest in his very own shop, but he was told that his wife could handle it just as well as he could, and eventually his manager and he departed.

That voyage across the Atlantic caused Mack to lose a stone of flesh. He was continually soothing Stanley's imaginary worries over what was happening at his shop. Stanley opened up with a contest in New York, and his remarkable skill earned him high praise. From there they went to Philadelphia and scored more success.

### BACON BEFORE BOXING.

Mack was inundated with offers from promoters, and it looked as though a tidy fortune would be picked up in a very short time, but Nemesis in the form of a letter from home intervened.

Stanley's wife wrote to the effect that she was worried to distraction. The price of bacon had gone up and she didn't know what to do.

"Let's pack up and go home," said Digger. "Don't be a lunatic," was the answer. "Here's a fortune waiting to be picked up. With that you will be able to buy up half the general shops in London when you get back."

"I'm going now," replied Digger, with that stubborn finality and deafness to logical argument which is all you can expect from a man whose brains are in his hands.

Thousands of pounds thrown away for the possible saving of a few shillings on bacon. None should know better than Alf Mack the truth of that old tag, "There's a mug born every minute."

**PLEASE US—  
PLEASE YOUR  
FAMILY—SEND  
US YOUR NEWS**

### SHIP-SHAPE

## —THANKS TO ALMA A.B. ERNEST DEE!

EVERY time Mrs. Alma Dee opens the door of her bedroom wardrobe she gives a little reminiscent sigh, and every time she stands over the ironing-board she gives a big sigh of satisfaction.

Behind the wardrobe door hangs the white gown which she wore when she walked up the aisle of St. Paul's Church, Rockferry, early in October, to pledge her troth to A.B. Ernest Raymond Dee—and in the kitchen of her mother's home she irons the trim white shirts which she wears for her war job of motor-driving.

And as she passes the iron over the linen she smiles and hums quietly and happily to herself, thinking of the day when she will be doing all the washing and ironing, cooking and housework, for the little house she has already furnished and planned to the last detail.

Ernest Dee will have the best home in the world when he returns to civilian life, for his 19-year-old bride is fast mastering the art of home-making.

"I'm going to have my own home just as soon as the war's over and Ernest is back, and it's going to be just as he likes it," she says.

Alma was disappointed, of course, that a week's honeymoon was all that war service permitted, but the award of the D.S.M., announced two weeks after the wedding, was a big consolation, and she is waiting now for the day when she can see her husband wearing his medal.

Cowards in scarlet pass for men of war...  
Lord Lansdowne  
(1667-1735).



## HOME TOWN "TAIL" FOR ALL

### HOMING COW.

"DAISY" is a Welsh cow. A pretty common name for a milch-lady that, but our Daisy's got "It." She's different. You've all heard of homing pigeons and even cats and dogs, but here's a Cow.

Daisy was born and bred at Pentwyn Inn, Dolygaer, and is 10 years old. Fifteen months ago she was bought by Mr. B. Davies, of Cwmgrraigddu Garth Farm, Builth Wells. A few weeks ago she was missing.

Three days after the alarm she was reported at her old home 30 miles away. The old home had been demolished, but

Daisy arrived there footsore and weary.

To get "Home" she had to pass through Brecon town from the Upper Chapel road, negotiate its numerous cross roads and side twist turns. How she managed it is a mystery.

But perhaps this is the secret. Was Daisy's trip due to a natural desire to "go home to Mother in trouble." Because when Daisy arrived at Dolygaer she gave birth to a calf.

## The £.S.D. OF IT

## THE FLICKS —MILLIONS AND MORE

MEN, women and children of Britain spend about £83,000,000 a year going to Britain's 5,000 cinemas.

The studios, laboratories and other premises and plant of the cinema industry are capitalised at about £100 millions. Our habit of "going to the pictures" is, therefore, the basis of one of the major industries.

A proportion of the £83 millions goes to the Treasury in the form of entertainment tax. Some of it—the latest estimate is a net £17,000,000—goes to Hollywood to pay for films.

The rest goes in pay-packets to the many thousands of employees, from cleaners to projectionists, in the upkeep of the buildings, in payment for films, and so on.

Britain, incidentally, has more cinema seats per head of the population than any other country, but cinema seats in the U.S. are used by twice as many people—nearly nine to every seat a week, compared with four and a half in Britain.

Britain's cinema "Tsar" is Mr. Arthur J. Rank, who is estimated to control about 1,350 cinemas, used by 7,000,000 people, and is chairman of 18 companies in the film industry.

In 1939 it was calculated that the 9d. you paid for admission was spent as follows: 3d. for rent of films; 1d. on staff wages; 4d. on advertising; 4d. on heating, lighting and upkeep of the projection apparatus; 4d. on wear and tear of fittings; 1d. on entertainment tax; and 1d. on insurance, office expenses and dividend for the shareholders who put up the capital to erect the building and start the business.

The war has changed these figures considerably, but it is

difficult to produce a new "budget" because the costs of certain items vary considerably in different parts of the country, and much depends upon whether cinemas are "booming" or "slumping."

A series of "alerts" may send takings down, and since all these charges go on just the same, mean that the actual "cost" of a ninepenny seat is a shilling.

On the other hand, less is spent on advertising; repairs, heating and lighting, owing to war-time restrictions. Seats have risen in cost, but most of this is represented by increased entertainments tax, which is making a big contribution to the cost of the war.

Altogether, there are few industries in which the margin of profit is more delicately balanced. Millions of pounds have been lost and made in the film industry. Most of them have depended upon making or losing a minute fraction of a penny on every ticket sold to the 23,000,000 people who go to the cinema in Britain every week.



# THE HUNT BEGINS

## QUIZ for today

THERE were only two cars left in the hotel car park when Argent and Salter reached it. A brilliant light on the side of the building showed up Argent's little saloon and a powerful-looking car drawn up close by the wall. Salter exclaimed when he saw it.

"That's Charlton's car," he said. "I know it. Now I wonder—do you mind if I drive, doctor?"

"Not a bit," Argent said. "I'm in your hands."

Salter explained when they had turned from the hotel grounds on to the bare road across the marsh. It was all but dark, and he drove slowly. "It's not a question of following Leone if we're lucky enough to catch him," he said. "It's too risky—the odds are they'd spot us after a time. But I want to know which way he's going. I shouldn't be surprised if Charlton's taking him to his boat."

By the reed-thatched cottage where Gwen Darcy had picked up Milly Claxton, the road curves steeply up a hill to join the main road a mile short of Whindleford village. The rise is narrow between high banks. Salter's scheme was to stop their car at the top, come back on foot until he could get a view of the marsh road, and watch for approaching headlights. They came to the cottage, and

### The Lady in Number Four

By Richard Keverne

PART XVI

Salter changed down as the car began to feel the steep rise. He chose his place and left the doctor. But he was back almost at once.

"We've only just done it," he said. "There's a car coming fast; big headlights. Let's hope it's Charlton's." He climbed in and pressed the self-starter as he saw the gleam of headlights behind, and drew out on to the road.

Deliberately he kept the crown, even when he heard the angry scream of a horn behind him; he wanted to make that car behind slow before it passed him, and he succeeded. As it went by he caught a glimpse of Charlton at the wheel and two people in the back.

"That's Charlton all right, and Leone and Marks are with him. Now then, right or left?" He accelerated. The car ahead was moving very fast; its lights grew

fainter. But they saw it check at the entrance to the main road, then the lights swung right.

Salter said: "He's heading for the London road, and that means anywhere. Except—" He seemed to be thinking aloud rather than speaking to Argent. "—except Leone's coming back to-night. Latish though, but alone. He only ordered sandwiches for one. Who's going to drive him back?" He was silent for a while. Then: "Doctor," he went on, "if we don't get a sight of them in the next few minutes I'll get you to let me run back to the top of the hill and leave me. I want to see what time Leone comes back and how."

He drove on, pushing the car as hard as he could. They went through Whindleford village and out into open country once more, but it was clear that the chase had out-paced them. At the crossing of the London road Salter stopped and turned.

"No good going any further," he said. "Anyhow, it wouldn't have been wise to follow. But I may pick up something yet."

He explained as he drove at a more leisurely pace back towards Whindleford that he didn't hope to get a lot, but from the time that Leone returned he could get some idea of the distance he had travelled.

"Say that car averages an outside 45 to 50 on these roads, and that's putting it high, it will give me a maximum circumference from Shinglemouth within which I'm assuming Logan is to-night. It isn't much, but every little helps. Half my job's testing theories that don't come off."

"More than half mine's the same," Argent laughed. They had reached the village when suddenly Salter exclaimed, "Good Lord! What a fool! See that, doctor?"

"No. What?"

"Outside the pub there. Charlton's car. And I went buzzing by at fifty ten minutes ago." He slowed and pulled the car in by the side of the road. "I'm going to have a drink and see what this means."

Argent was left alone wondering for fully ten minutes. When at last Salter reappeared he was subdued.

"There's some funny business going on here," he said. "Charlton is there alone, killing time over large whiskeys. Obviously Leone and the girl can't be there. He wouldn't go to a village pub so close to his posh hotel.

insufficient to account for the numbers which appear in the spring. The eggs and chrysalides—still less the maggots—could not possibly survive the winter. We just don't know how to answer the question in the song!

The connection between magnetism and electricity, which has led to the dynamo and electric motor, was also discovered by accident. Pro-

Everyone would talk about it. Looks as if our people are somewhere in this neighbourhood. I must check possible houses to-morrow. But we'll wait and see the next move. I think we'll turn and run back a bit, so as to have our car facing the same way as his."

Salter brought the car to a stop again about a hundred yards beyond the inn in the shade of a couple of great ilex trees and they settled down to wait.

He was standing in the road, screened by the doctor's saloon, his eyes fixed on the inn's door. At last Argent heard him say softly, "Stand by, sir; he's coming now," and a few min-

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Go easy with that thing! We want no accidents around here!"

utes later Charlton's car went by slowly. Salter gave him a short start and went in pursuit. They passed him a short mile along the road. He had backed into a lane and was turning. Salter swore softly as he went by.

"I'm afraid he's done us," he said, "but we'll have a shot to pick him up." He switched off his headlights, ran bumping over the grass verge, managed to turn without backing, and just escaped a smash with another car that came fast, driving towards the village.

"That was a near thing," Argent said, but Salter did not answer. His eyes were on the distant headlights. The car was slowing. It stopped. Then the lights disappeared. Round a bend in the road their own lights picked out two figures—

fessor Oersted was lecturing on electricity when a wire carrying a small current happened to fall across a compass needle. The Professor noticed that the needle was deflected, but carried on with his lecture. Afterwards he repeated the experiment, and made the first of a series of discoveries (by Faraday and others) which have revolutionised the world.

Leone and the girl were climbing into Charlton's car—and they caught a fleeting glimpse of the back of the car that had overtaken them turning down the lane.

Charlton had started before they reached him. From the top of the hill where the Shinglemouth road drops to the marsh, Salter saw his blazing headlights speeding on towards the hotel. Five minutes later they were returning. Irene Marks was sitting by Charlton's side as they went by.

Salter went back to Argent. "Well, that's that," he said. "And I never even got the number of the car they came back in—I couldn't even tell you what it was like; I thought they'd hit us. Oh well, doctor, the best we can say of it is that Logan, if it is Logan, isn't very far away, and I knew that before we started."

Marrow served Salter with a whisky and soda later that evening. "Mr. Pollock" apologised for returning at such a late hour.

He saw him again in the middle of the next morning. Salter found Gwen and Marrow taking measurements for curtains in the dining-room. He asked innocently what they were doing.

Gwen drove into Wilborough after lunch, to look at curtain materials at Campbell's, Wilborough's biggest furnishing shop.

With Campbell's she was more pleased than she had expected to be. It was a branch of a big firm that had shops all over the county, and when, as Salter had suggested, she made known the object of her visit, she was treated with the greatest attention.

Mr. Farmer was sent for. Mr. Farmer was the firm's department manager. He was most interested to hear about the "Black Boy." He knew the inn. "A regular picture," he described it. He had been told that it had gone into new hands and he was glad to hear that the new proprietor was going to decorate it in suitable taste.

"We do a good deal of interior decorating for the gentry of the neighbourhood ourselves," he explained proudly. "We did Mr. Baldock's house at Wilford for him a few years ago," he went on. "A most attractive house and quite unique."

Gwen did not want to talk about Mr. Baldock. She had just managed, not without some sense of frustration, to put aside thoughts of Janet Warren and to throw herself wholeheartedly into the task of finding proper furnishings for the "Black Boy." She agreed vaguely that

1. A sagamore is a university student, Scottish sword, Indian chief, priest's garment, dance?

2. Who wrote (a) The Golden Age, (b) The King of the Golden River?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Cromer, Clacton, Harwich, Burnham-on-Crouch, Barnstaple, Lowestoft?

4. On what river does Preston stand?

5. Whose signature tune is "When Day is Done"?

6. When does Boxing Day not fall on the day after Christmas?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Syringe, Tobogan, Laburnum, Linemint, Quiescence, Truncheon?

8. What rank in the W.A.A.F. is equivalent to Leading Seaman in the Navy?

9. For what date does MOMXX stand?

10. What is the capital of Bulgaria?

11. For what do the initials A.R.A.M. stand?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) On the horns —, (b) Cool as a —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 232

1. Bird.
2. (a) Edward Young, (b) Kipling.
3. Assegai is a spear; others are firearms.
4. Nene.
5. 30.48.
6. Alsatian dog-actor.
7. Insurrection, Beateous.
8. Lieutenant.
9. 1815.
10. Douglas.
11. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.
12. (a) Tongs, (b) Choice.

it must have been highly satisfactory to decorate Mr. Baldock's house, and then demanded chintzes.

Gwen was not easy to please, but Mr. Farmer satisfied her in the end. She spoke of further orders, and he promised the utmost attention. He came with her to the lift, bowing his thanks. She thanked him, and asked if there were a tea-room in the place. She was tired and wanted tea.

Mr. Farmer assured her that there was, and that Campbell's Tea Lounge was quite famous. He instructed the lift girl to show the lady to the Palm Lounge herself.

Gwen thanked him again. She was amused by Mr. Farmer. He took himself and his firm so terribly seriously. She looked about her, still amused, when she entered the Palm Lounge, and the first person she saw was Mr. Baldock.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—188

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after QUIR, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of RUBY, SHE'S FAT! to make a country town in Dorsetshire.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HERD into COWS, CATS into SKIN, BROWN into JONES, LEAN into KINE.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from PISCATORIAL?

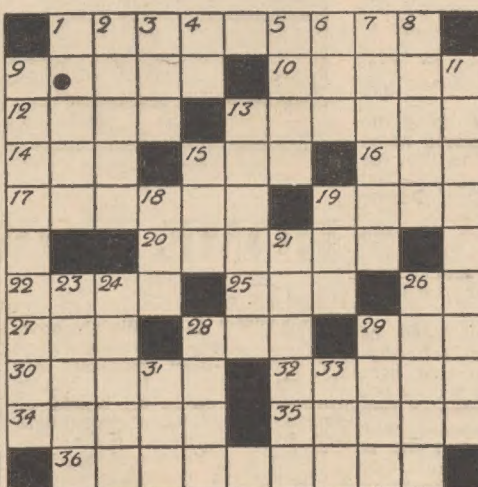
### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 187

1. REIRE.
2. NORTHAMPTON.
3. SNOW, SHOW, SHOT, SOOT, COOT, COLT, COLD, WISH, FISH, FIST, LIST, LEST, WEST, WELT, WELL, WASPS, WARPS, WARTS, PARTS, PORTS, POUTS, BOUTS, BOOTS, BLOTS, SLOTS, SHOTS, SHUTS, SHUNS, STUNS, STUNG, STING.
4. Cans, Scan, Cant, Moon, Noon, Acts, Ants, Cats, Scat, Moat, Moan, Noun, Mist, Most, Mast, Omit, Anon, Coat, Atom, Coin, Suit, Soot, Moot, etc. Saint, Simon, Onion, Sinus, Minus, Canon, Scant, Satin, Union, Moans, Stain, Aunts, Moist, Tonic, Scout, Snout, Snoot, etc.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Precise.
- 9 Main.
- 10 Named sometimes.
- 12 Cheese crust.
- 13 Mere.
- 14 Skill.
- 15 Whit.
- 16 Put quickly.
- 17 Gay.
- 19 Outlet.
- 20 Speaker.
- 22 Feign.
- 25 Cry of crows.
- 26 Short measure.
- 27 Sort of cap.
- 28 Through.
- 29 Difficulty.
- 30 Run away.
- 32 Wait.
- 34 Scottish Ben.
- 35 Arrangement.
- 36 Sets of words.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 County.
- 2 Colours slightly.
- 3 Magenta.
- 4 Supposing.
- 5 Way of walking.
- 6 Tree.
- 7 Boy.
- 8 Claw.
- 9 Skilled workers.
- 11 Division of year.
- 13 Comfort.
- 15 Grate.
- 18 Male animal.
- 19 Promise.
- 21 Big fish.
- 23 Scores at golf.
- 24 Higher than.
- 26 Ponders.
- 28 Nuisance.
- 29 Impertinent.
- 31 Fastening.
- 33 Curve.

APPLES SPAN CAR VITIATE CLOSED FLOW E PORE TEN PRECEDE TEG TALKS SET U T TUSKERS PACK SEE AS AFRICAN DIE OTIANA COUNT SAY BLENDS



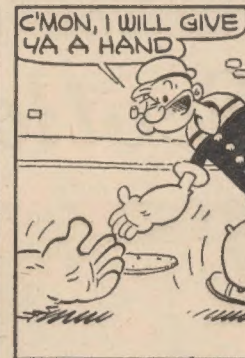
## BEELZEBUB JONES



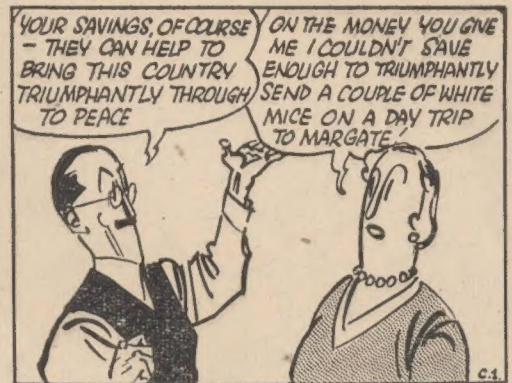
## BELINDA



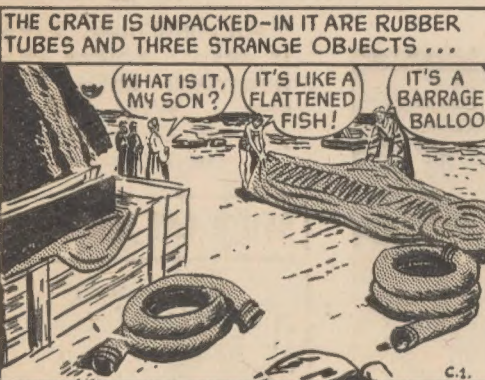
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

## POST-WAR PLANNING.

A YOUNG submariner who calls himself "Earnest" wants to study the question of post-war reconstruction and asks me to let him have a full list of pronouncements on planning for the new world. I mention the following for a start, and when he has finished the list I will let him have another.

He might very well begin with Hansard, where he will find 13,982 pages of speeches in the House of Commons. Then he should read the dozen or so reports of various commissions, the 47 White Papers, the 35 books written by Liberals, the 56 by Conservatives, the 184 by Labour Members, the 289 by Independents, and the three by the Independent Labour Party.

He should not, of course, forget the 941 (to date) volumes in which are enshrined the ideas of the French, Norwegians, Poles, Yugo-Slavs, Greeks, Belgians, Dutch, and all the rest of the 38 (or is it 58?) United Nations. American books on the subject run into five figures, and these might be left until later; as also the comprehensive contributions of neutrals.

He will find it necessary to get a proper background, and he cannot do better than read Magna Charta, the Declaration of Rights, and the American Constitution, before he proceeds to our own Revolution of 1688 (miscalled "The Glorious"), the French Revolution (the big one), the Russian, Turkish, Bulgarian, and those of all the South American States. The Rise of Islam and the growth of the Mormon State will provide him with a lot of ideas.

By this time he may be in a position to answer his second query, "When are we likely to get the world we want?" If he cannot, I can only suggest that he consults my Aunt Fanny, who doesn't know, either.

## CATTLE-MAIMING.

THOUGH it is hoped in official quarters that there will be no general recurrence of the cattle-maiming which was so widespread some years ago, considerable anxiety exists, and farmers have been asked to take every possible precaution.

This action is due to distressing occurrences in a certain rural district recently, when a young Land Girl, a Miss B. Peep, who was acting as a shepherdess, lost her sheep.

The girl, though very young, and almost entirely without experience, is of a most determined character, and, seizing her crook, set off, resolved to find the missing flock. When she discovered it, to her horror, all the tails were missing.

A further search revealed that these appendages had been thrown into a nearby meadow. Miss Peep at once endeavoured to replace them, but, being unsuccessful, then informed the police.

An Inspector, who has the case in hand, told "Good Morning" that he disagreed entirely with the theory that the outrage was the work of either black marketeers or Black Shirts. He was inclined to the belief that Black Guards were responsible, and that the work was carried out during the black-out. The question of blackmail did not arise.

## STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

OPENING (as I thought) the newspapers the other morning, I got the shock of my life. I found that the "Daily Mirror" had dropped Jane and all the other strip cartoons, and that the "Daily Sketch" front page "box," that for so long has housed a text, was devoted to a story that even I felt to be a little bit too fruity.

But worse was to come when I saw in the "News-Chronicle," splashed right across the leader page, an appeal to people to drink more beer, otherwise the downfall of the British Commonwealth was in sight.

By this time I was prepared for the big banner headlines on the front page of the "Daily Express," exclaiming "To hell with the Empire!"

Next came the "Daily Telegraph" with a leader asking tearfully what could be expected from the present Government, and attacking the Cabinet with trembling vituperation.

The "Daily Herald" was begging the "old landed aristocracy" to fight for its rights and destroy the present self-appointed governors of the country, the Trade Unions; whilst the "Daily Mail" was asking for the abolition of all trusts, chain-stores and multiple businesses.

After which, when "The Times" sobbed for the abolition of horse-racing, fox-hunting, evening dress and the public schools, I was proof against any shock—until my alarm clock went off, and that did surprise me.

Solution to Puzzle in No. 232.

NEVADA  
WYOMING  
KENTUCKY  
WISCONSIN  
MARYLAND  
ALABAMA  
KANSAS



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

By the smile on her face, we suspect that Sheila Ryan has an eye on the liberty boat. Any of you guys dated the 20th Century Fox star?



## Bonnie Scotland

Invercoe and Glencoe,  
Argyllshire.



"All right now. Take it easy. You're the hungriest baby I've seen. Why CAN'T you sit down like a good boy?"

## TAKING IT UNDER THE CHIN



## THE CHALLENGE

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Put a sock in it."

